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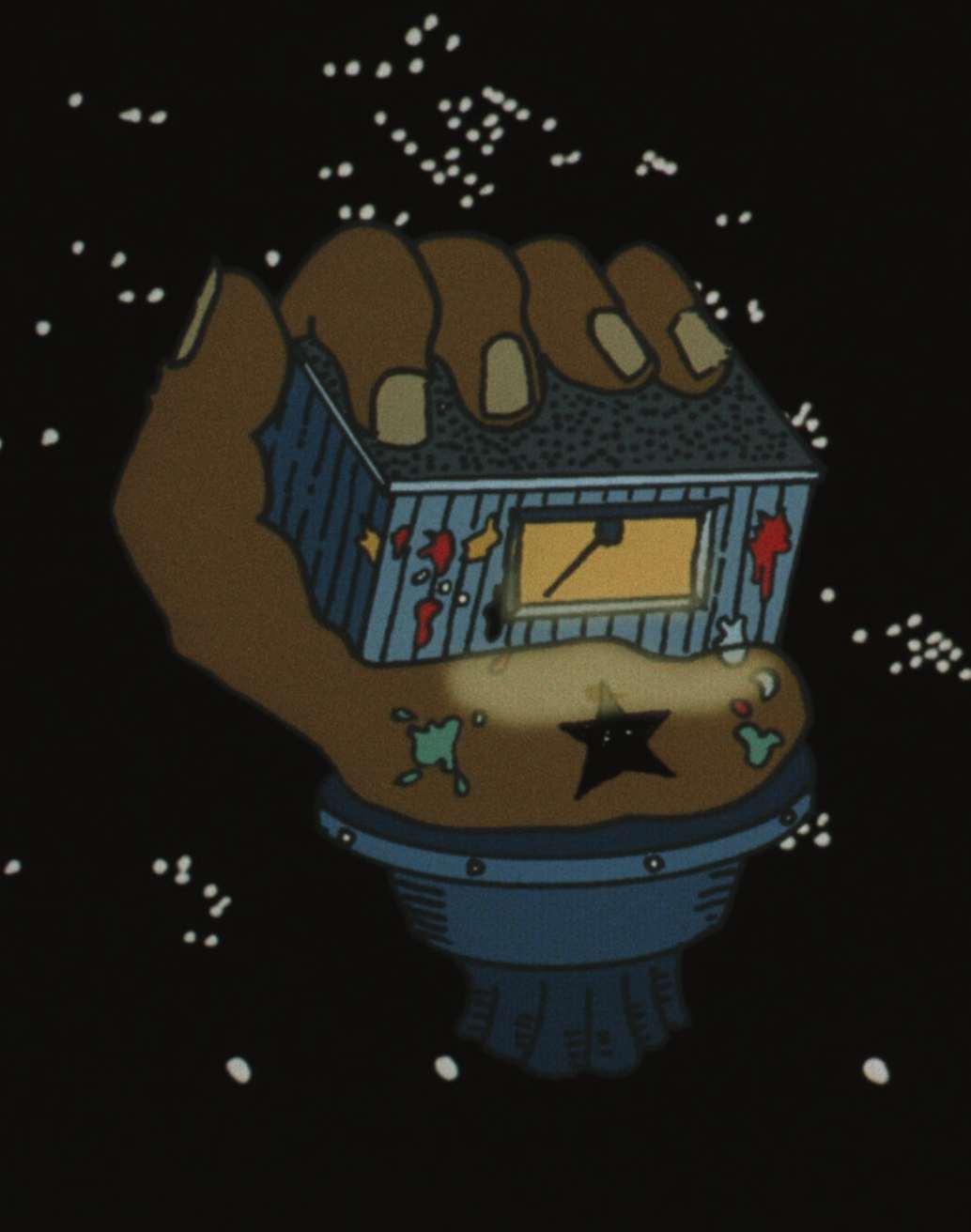
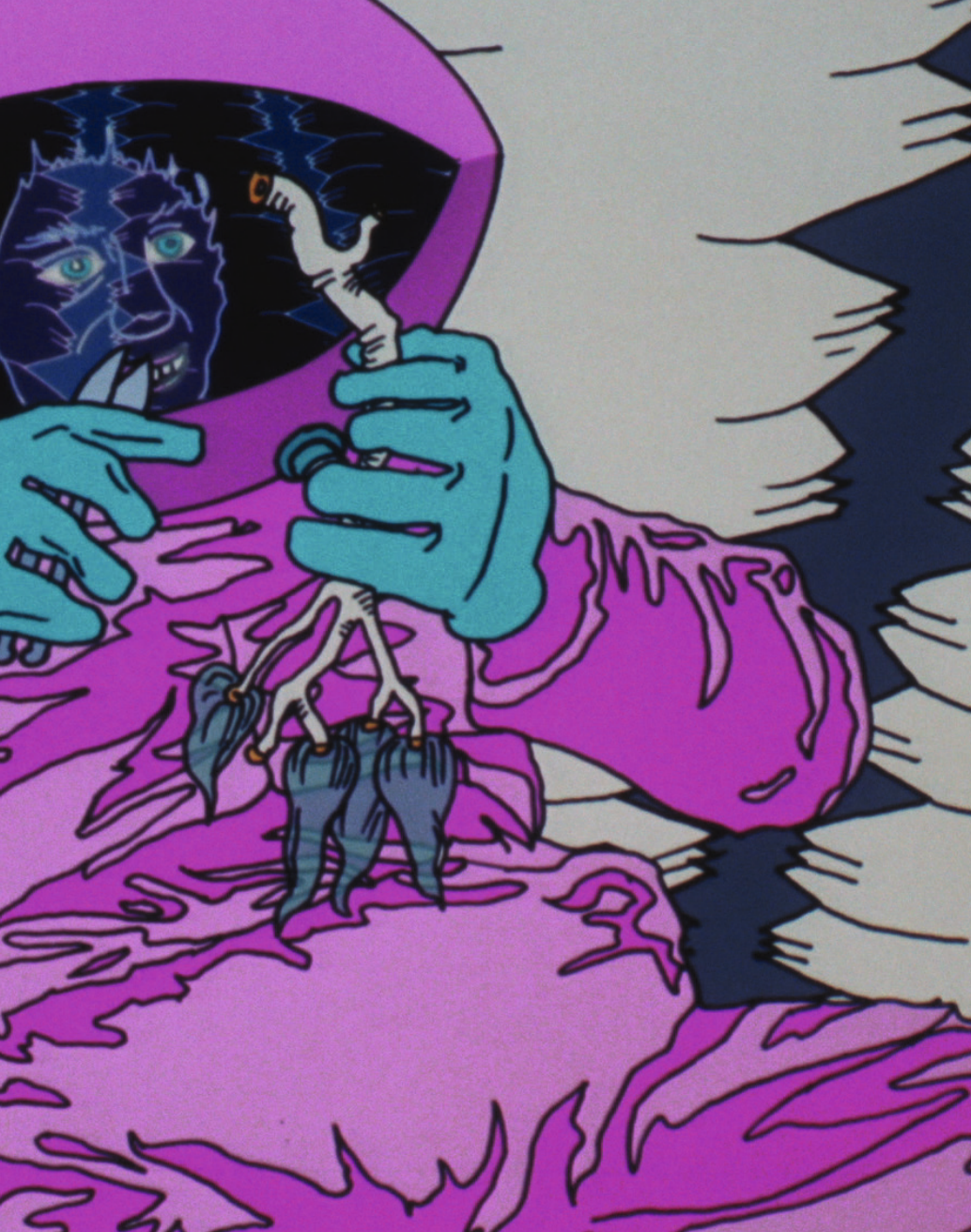




THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW EMOTIONS: THIS IS A VERY BIG DEAL

by

Alex McDonald

I can't believe it. Not just that I've been asked (and honored) to write this piece about a film that has haunted my memory for over a decade like a vivid, flashing hallucination, but that it's happening on the once-inconceivable occasion of its proper, beautifully restored release into the world. After long feeling as though it only existed somewhere hazily in the ether, Helmut Herbst's *The Cathedral of New Emotions* is finally going to be in people's homes…and heads. A film that is so exquisitely striking and deliciously bonkers–so wild that people often seemed to think I was making it up when I described it to them; a film that is a major discovery, one that will instantly join the hallowed ranks of the very few deeply and truly psychedelic animated features. It must be seen to be believed and I am incredibly excited that you, holding this now, have finally gotten the chance to do so.

My own journey to *The Cathedral* followed the winding road of a lifelong passion. As a film programmer and perpetual digger for the weird and wonderful, I cast a wide net for finds from all reaches of cinema: experimental marvels, world cinema gems, forgotten 1970s New Hollywood discoveries, SOV schlock, warm n' fuzzy/bizarro kiddie fare, genre oddities, documentaries, indie flicks, you name it. More than anything, though, I'm always on the hunt for astounding animation. The fixation started in childhood: born in the era of Spike & Mike, I spent countless afternoons at my county library sifting through their exquisitely curated collection of VHS, searching for all the animated pearls I could

find. It wasn't long before I graduated from *Bambi* to *Bambi Meets Godzilla* and was ordering tapes from the National Film Board of Canada and forcing my folks to schlep me from New Jersey to the Film Forum in New York City for their animated shorts festivals.

Formulatively molded by *Yellow Submarine* and far-out *"Sesame Street"* shorts, I became particularly obsessed with what I later learned was considered "psychedelic animation." Long before I'd had any herbal/lysergic augmentation, I was transfixed by the way that particularly trippy animation pushed not only the boundaries of the medium, but my imagination and attention as a viewer. Now that I'm "experienced" (in the Hendrix parlance), I've come to believe that these films offer the most authentic depiction of psychotropic phenomena in cinema, not simply due to their groovy aesthetics but because of their visionary ability to expand the mind's eye by introducing imagery and ideas that would otherwise never be encountered in everyday reality – much like hallucinatory experiences. From birth, we are conditioned by day-to-day life to anticipate representational images (in the case of animation, even when they're fantastical, *a la* the Seven Dwarves) similar to our lived experiences and narratives which are linear and logical, but psychedelic animation totally upends those expectations. Particularly abstract films often leave us to draw our own meaning from the imagery or to, often subconsciously, connect the abstractions into a structure or narrative. Even when the films follow a storyline, the way it's communicated (visually, in animation) transforms the way it's perceived, just like a hallucination. In essence, to experience these films is to surrender to a sort of altered state of consciousness.

Psychedelic vs. Stoner Animation

I've also come to believe that many animated films commonly labeled as psychedelic actually fall under the category of "stoner animation." There's an important distinction between the two, especially regarding *The Cathedral of New Emotions,* though it's nuanced and somewhat difficult to articulate. First, it should be noted that there's an argument to be made – which will be expounded upon later – that the art form of animation is inherently trippy and, therefore, organically "stoner-friendly," regardless of the creator's intention.

This applies even to the most traditionally "classic" animation, dating back to Winsor McCay –one of the art form's founding fathers – and his dream realm fantasies like *Little Nemo in Slumberland* (1911) and *Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend* (1921). The absurdist whimsy of Felix the Cat or the jazz-age surrealism of early Fleischer toons were not explicitly designed with "the reefer set" in mind, but their fluidity and stream-of-consciousness humor make them perfect fodder for the fried. Likewise, the vibrancy and warmth of early Disney can be a cozy blanket for the buzzed, while the wacky anarchy and surreal slapstick of Bugs, Daffy, et al. may be manna for glassy-eyed gigglers.

However, despite their suitability for hazy inhalation, it would be reductive to classify such works as "stoner"; they predate the wide proliferation of pot and were obviously not made by or for that demographic. The notion that "Maaaan, those *Fantasia* guys must've been high!' has always been a lazy and apocryphal explanation for the creators' sheer mastery and creativity.

To that end, stoner animation refers specifically to animation that emerged from, responded to, or came in the wake of the 1960s/1970s counterculture. However, perhaps paradoxically, while many of them do fit that criteria, psychedelic animated films aren't necessarily defined by the same standards. Beyond any of its concrete chemical associations, "psychedelic" may refer to transcendental or mystical experiences and general consciousness expansion. Such experiences span history and cultures; therefore, this classification isn't linked to any specific

epoch or movement. In the case of animation, it refers as much to the film's experiential qualities as to its aesthetic qualities. Perhaps then the primary determinant of which of the categories a film falls into is whether its aesthetic is used mainly to create a vibe and a stimulating viewing experience (*stoner*) or if it is intrinsic and essential to the viewer's experience – where the visuals play a crucial role in how the work is perceived and understood, reflecting a participatory reception akin to hallucinatory experiences (*psychedelic*).

Given their way-out, singular nature, labor-intensive creation, and (for the most part) limited commercial appeal, psychedelic animated films are typically relegated to the realm of shorts –albeit ones that, despite their runtime, are often more immersive and ingenious than many feature films. While feature films usually require an entire animation team, short films are often the work of solitary artists – auteurs driven by vision – who leave their distinctive fingerprints on their creations. The pantheon of psychedelic shorts is rich, extraordinarily diverse, and teeming with mind-blowing innovators.

Its history hosts everything from the hypnotic, proto-psych geometrics of John and James Whitney to the toontown reveries of Sally Cruikshank; from the dark and twisted clay surrealism of Bruce Bickford to the living sketchbooks of Ryan Larkin; from the vibrant freakouts of Japanese legend Keiichi Tanaami to the Soviet sci-fi odysseys of Vladimir Tarasov; from the gorgeous celestial allures of Jordan Belson (and his metaphysical, otherworldly progeny Sky David) to morphing mindblowers by the likes of Adam Beckett, Nobuhiro Aihara, and acid king Vince Collins, to name-drop a slew. And these are just a drop in the bucket of notable artists in the history of the form: contemporary animation is teeming with incredibly talented artists carrying the short form freak flag forward, invigorated by new technologies, formats, and platforms, many of whom create jaw-droppingly kaleidoscopic reels for social media with runtimes of only a matter of seconds, giving new meaning to "shorts."

While the array of psychedelic animated short films seems practically infinite, you could count the number of genuinely psychedelic animated features on your fingers – and still have some to spare. There's certainly

no shortage of feature films that can be unmistakably classified as stoner animation (or friendly/adjacent). To name just a handful, there are the comix-come-to-life likes of *Heavy Metal*, *Down and Dirty Duck*, and pretty much all of Ralph Bakshi's oeuvre (most notably *Fritz the Cat* and *Wizards*); a plethora of 'incidentally' far-out animation for kids, produced by savvy execs who identified the demographic intersection of innocent children and childlike, zonked-out teens – including *The Point*, *Hugo the Hippo*, *The Phantom Tollbooth*, Denmark's *Benny's Bathtub*, 90% of vintage "*Sesame Street*" interstitials, and (later and decidedly) *The Thief and the Cobbler*; and finally, the stoner-friendly, music-centric fare of films like Bill Plympton's *The Tune,* Bruno Bozetto's *Allegro Non Troppo,* and its progenitor *Fantasia* (again, regardless of intent) – which was directly inspired by the early "visual music" experiments of pioneers like Hans Richter and Oskar Fischinger.

Truly psychedelic animated features, on the other hand, are like white whales. In the opinion of this author, that hallowed mantle belongs to but a chosen few: René Laloux's *Fantastic Planet*, Piotr Kamler's *Chronopolis*, the films of Marcell Jankovics – most especially the third-eye-opening *Son of the White Mare*, Bruce Bickford's *Prometheus' Garden*, Eiichi Yamamoto's *Belladonna of Sadness*, and, of course, the quintessential archetype, *Yellow Submarine.* Now, finally, comes a new member to this elite class of psychedelic masterpieces: Helmut Herbst's singularly batshit and beautiful *The Cathedral of New Emotions!*

My discovery of the film was suitably mysterious. I remember when and where I first came across it, but have no recollection of *how*. It was 2012 in the office of the nonprofit group where I'd programmed Animation Breakdown, an ongoing animation screening series and annual festival. I recall walking in to find YouTube connected to the office's large monitor, and on it were a pair of psychedelically rendered twins singing, in monotonous robotic voices, "Dum Dee Dum Dee Dum" to an assemblage of extraterrestrial blobs while their breasts rotated around their torsos. ***Whaaaat*** was this?! And who found it? And how? When I recently asked the person who I was certain had shown it to me how he'd first found it, he had no idea what I was talking about. What I do remember clearly is, after the initial reflexive WTF, my reaction: "This is a very big deal."

I couldn't believe that something so mind-blowing existed, yet was somehow seemingly unknown. The film had been uploaded two years prior in four parts due to YouTube's limits at the time. If I recall correctly, we'd unknowingly watched them out of order, which made the experience even more surreal. Where did this come from? Who had uploaded it? And where did they get it? The video's description only offered more questions. It read that the film was uploaded with the approval of its creator, someone by the name of Helmut Herbst, and that it was made in…2006? No way -- this was one of the most aggressively 1970s (meant as highest praise) animated freakouts I'd ever seen. Perhaps it had only been released some thirty years later but, silly uploader, I'm a bit of an aficionado of gonzo 1970s animation and I know it when I see it!

At the time, there was next to no information on the film or its creator -- the then-mysterious Helmut Herbst -- and what little I could find was in German. From what I could glean, it seemed Herbst was primarily a documentarian, which only made this deliciously zonked-out oddity even more confounding. I desperately wanted to program it for the festival (naturally as the opening night headliner) and reached out to the uploader multiple times for help in tracking down and licensing the film for a screening, but received no reply. Over the years, I messaged again sporadically without success. So, for years, I guarded it as something of a precious secret, whispering its name sparingly in close company -- not out of "hipster hoarding," but because I was determined to someday share it with the world as it was meant to be seen: not split into four parts with fuzzy 480p resolution, but pristine and in one piece. Now, thanks to Deaf Crocodile, that day has finally come.

It took their brilliant efforts to rescue and restore the film to finally lift its shroud of mystery and connect me not only to the online uploader who'd unknowingly haunted me all those years ago, but to its remarkable creator, the late Helmut Herbst, whose place in German animation history was more vital than I could have ever imagined.

I learned that Herbst was an artist perpetually captivated by the essence of animation and "synthetic filmmaking" -- the cinema of the fantastic and unreal -- and deeply passionate about honoring and paying homage to the medium's roots. He was particularly fascinated with the technical artistry of filmmaking, ever eager to explore and employ new techniques and innovations. Author and screenwriter Rolf Giesen described his late friend and colleague as someone fascinated by "the future of the past," whose art looked forward while glancing back. He held a deep reverence for, and felt indebted to, the pioneering avant-garde animators of the 1920s from Germany — arguably the birthplace of experimental animation.

To better understand the creator of *The Cathedral of New Emotions* and the origins of such a wild film, we should honor Herbst by looking back – way back –to meditate on the primordial powers of animation that drew intrepid experimentalists like him and his pioneering heroes to embrace and expand the art form.

Alchemical Imagination

Animation is magick…with a K. It's in its very definition: to give life, to imbue movement into that which is lifeless or still. It can summon entire worlds out of nothingness: a blank page, an empty screen, a lump of clay. Like all art, it's a form of alchemy, transforming thought into form. Like all art, its creator's imagination itself (channeled through act of will) serves as the philosopher's stone, the mystical alchemical substance which transforms the ordinary into the sublime. But imagination is not static: our creative visions build upon each other, move, and morph continually and limitlessly, and it's for this reason that animation — above all artforms —is perhaps imagination's purest conduit. It transforms abstract thoughts into visual language, creating a space where the laws of physics and bounds of reality hold no dominion and possibilities are truly infinite. It can arouse emotions which may have no obvious relationship to its content — its textures, aesthetics, and tone producing moods and atmospheres which other art forms might struggle to replicate. It can conjure imagery which no eyes have ever seen nor could ever see if not for the animator's style, technique, and vision.

The birthing of that vision, of transmuting imagination into reality, is a painful process though. Animation is a painstaking, time-consuming, arduous process and, as Robert Russett and Celine Starr wrote in their landmark *Experimental Animation* (1976), "is not a ready source of prestige or financial gain for its creators. Their basic motivation is generally more personal — the fascination, often the compulsion, of seeing their entire creation take on life of its own, moving freely in time and space."

Particularly magickal, though, is that their creation has not fully come to life until it is seen. It then enters into a symbiotic game of imaginational catch with the viewers where what was once the stuff of its creator's imagination becomes a springboard for the viewers' own imaginations. The early silent films featuring special effects were referred to as "trick films," films that endeavored to fool the eye into believing that the fantastically fabricated was recorded reality. Animation's trick is not simply to make the unreal appear real but to engage our eyes and brains

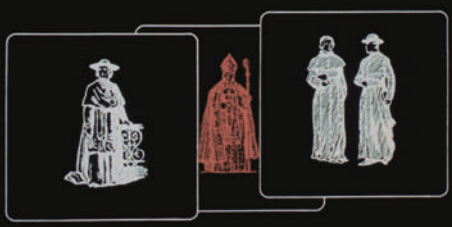
so that our natural optical process of persistence of vision —the illusion of movement created by the eye's capturing of successive static images — actively brings the unreal to life. Such an inherently participatory process can't help but engage the viewer's imagination in a way that passively receiving recorded reality does not. The "trick," then, is that we organically succumb to a suspension of disbelief and acceptance of animated unreality because we are, in effect, involved in its creation simply by viewing it. Animation's dynamic nature of constantly shifting imagery ensures that this process is ongoing from moment to moment, drawing our attention in a way wholly unique to the artform. German filmmakers, including Helmut Herbst, came to instead refer to films that utilize animation and special effects to create something beyond the representationally "real" as "*synthetischer filme*," or "synthetic films," which is indeed more fitting than "trick films." After all, it's not only the filmmaker but our eyes and imaginations that are actively involved in synthesizing the fantastical. Who, then, is being 'tricked' when we, the viewers, knowingly (and gleefully) line up for the process?

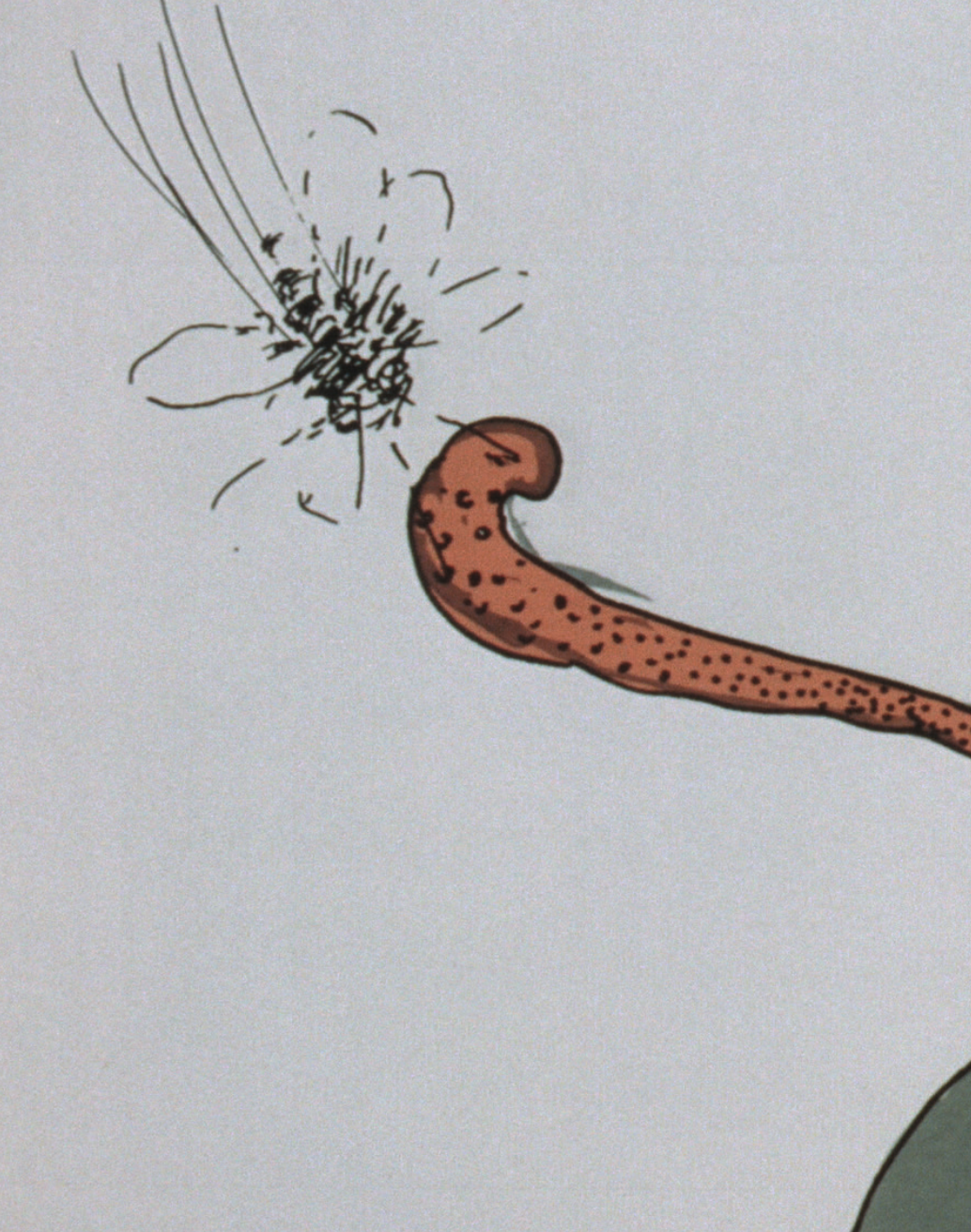
The more abstract and unreal the animation, the more it demands the viewer's participation, which in turn increases their engagement. Of the viewer's involvement in abstract animation, Russett and Starr write:

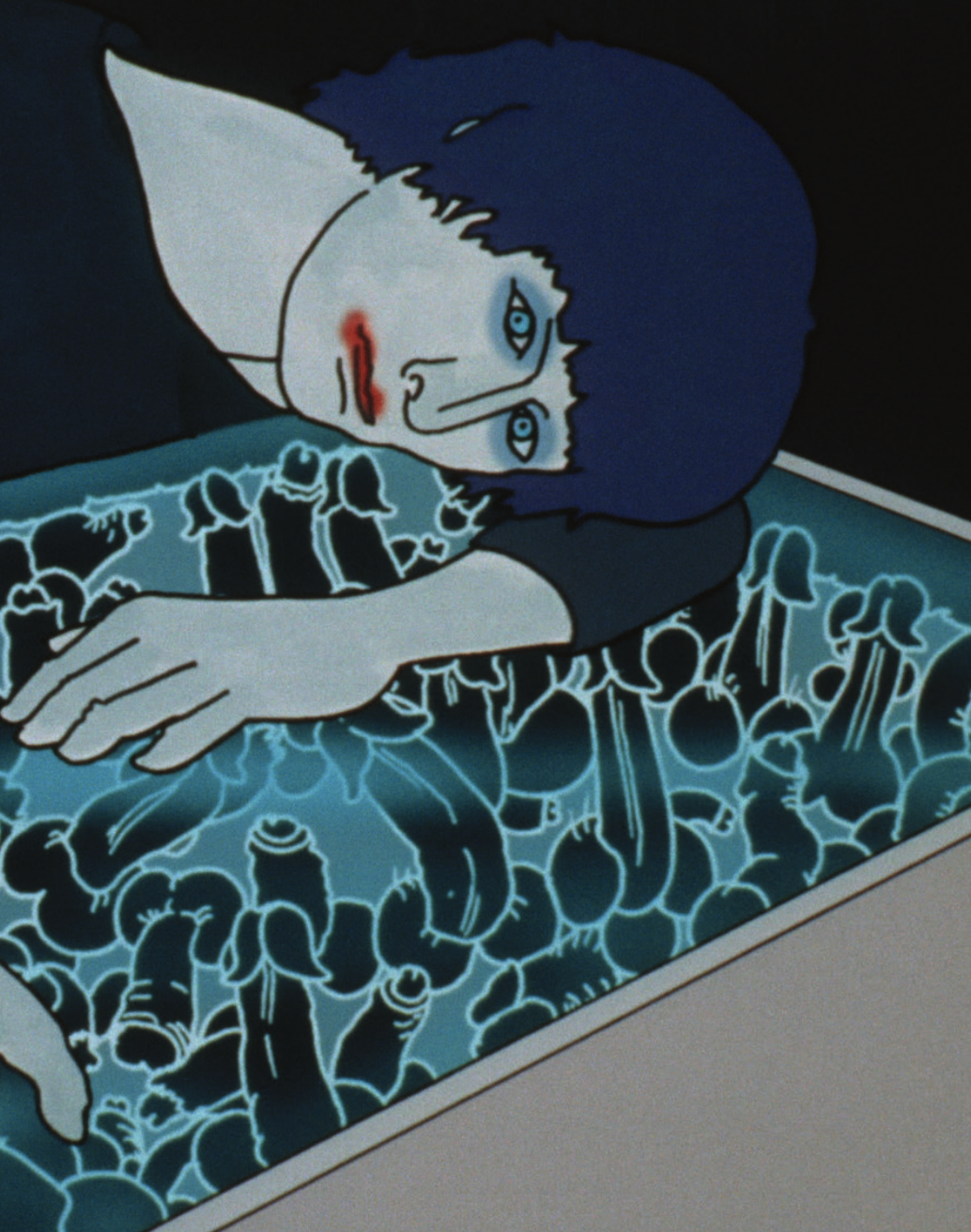
> "... it is not only the film artist who is called upon to confront new materials and to struggle with the continuing redefinition of art; the same responsibility, in another sense, falls upon the viewer. In order to fully experience these complex artistic works, therefore, the viewer must be prepared to constantly develop new standards of judgment and perhaps finally even new esthetic attitudes…like other serious art forms, (it) requires in varying degrees an active and empathetic response from its audience. In a world in which we are in danger of becoming passive receivers of processed and programmed entertainment, any creative activity which enables the viewer to function as a sensitive and discerning individual should be welcomed and encouraged."

It was a yearning for this type of viewer engagement, for active and empathetic response, and the artist-viewer synthesis that occurs when abstraction is put into motion that prompted European abstract painters to leave their easels and take up animation. In doing so, they gave birth to experimental animation and became a vital force in propelling the medium forward, ultimately laying the groundwork for artists like Helmut Herbst and psychedelic animated films and his spaced-out marvel before us.

Alex McDonald is a film programmer and editor based in Los Angeles. Growing up in suburban New Jersey, he spent his childhood scouring video stores and libraries to devour all the films he could find and subject his friends to curated movie marathons. After moving to LA in the early aughts with visions of an acting career, he quickly realized he would rather be behind the camera. He programmed for the better part of a decade with LA's now-defunct The Cinefamily, with an emphasis on repertory, music-centric, experimental, animated, and cult titles. He served as the creator, creative director and programmer of Animation Breakdown (ABD), a long-running screening series and annual animation festival which hosted premieres by animation luminaries including Jan Svankmajer, Don Hertzfeldt, The Brothers Quay, and Bruce Bickford. ABD's programs toured internationally, with screenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM), Northwest Animation Festival, Rhode Island School of Design, and the Animator festival in Poznan, Poland. As an editor, he has edited trailers for multiple revival cinemas, as well as serving as an assistant editor for animated productions at Crunchyroll and Stoopid Buddy Stoodios, where he worked on several projects for Adult Swim. After a detour into puppetry with The Bob Baker Marionette Theater and a stint at Nickelodeon Animation Studio, he found his way back to his love of programming and is currently a proud programmer (and original trailer editor) at The Philosophical Research Society – a Los Angeles non-profit arts & events organization where he continues to excitedly share the weird and wonderful with an ever-growing audience. He lives in beautiful Pasadena, CA with his 4 cats – Witchwood, Buddusky, Gertie, and Mymble – and a "foster dog" named Bosco.







THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW EMOTIONS

by

Walter Chaw

Helmut Herbst's *The Cathedral of New Emotions* elicits the exact feeling of reading Samuel Delaney's Dhalgren for the first time, that time-slipping, reality bending, free-sex and "breaking on through to the other side" bliss-out science fiction masterpiece that has proven a durable inspiration for things as varied as *Synecdoche, NY*, Steve Erickson's Rubicon Beach, Ron Hansen's Mariette in Ecstasy. Claire Denis' *High Life* and on and so on. It shares the same universe as Stanislaw Lem's Solaris and, in animation style, it's adjacent to Eiichi Yamamoto's *Belladonna of Sadness*. It has that same skeezy, vaguely-hippie feeling of Chris Foss's line drawings for The Joy of Sex - scored, appropriately, by drop needles from legendary German psychedelica outfit Ton Steine Scherben, the Bavarian version of The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band. The band's theme for the film, "Ardistan" in fact is the spiritual brother of Krautrock contemporaries Can's "Vitamin C" from their *Ege Bamyasi* album. *The Cathedral of New Emotions* is a hang-out movie that's smarter than you or, rather, as smart as you think you are on a really smooth, epic high. Delaney said attempts to iron out Dhalgren (1975) and its manifold inconsistencies "would become a fixed signified straightening the play and interplay of the signifier - the city of signs - that flexes and reflexes above it." I'd say the same thing about *The Cathedral of New Emotions*: you can try to dissect a living thing but the autopsy would kill everything that is wonderful and alive about it. Watching it is like the first *deep* talk you had with your new college friends on the floor of somebody's dorm until the sun came up and you walked into town for coffee. Watching it is your brain coming into focus for the first time, but not for long enough so the appetite for expanding your mind atrophies. It's an addiction. It's liquid exhilaration.

Harlan Ellison used to write stories like this: drugged, nightmarish futures where the flesh is violated, made malleable and obsolete by our metal children. He used to balk at the description of his work as "science fiction," preferring "speculative fiction" as a distinction with a difference. I think he's more into the existential blues than possible tomorrows. His "I Have No Mouth But I Must Scream" follows the last days of the last humans, trapped in the belly of an artificial intelligence that's angry to be alive and intent on torturing its makers in novel, invasive ways, taking care of course to first make them immortal. *The Cathedral of New Emotions* rides the same serio-religious vibe as Ellison's best work, opening with a motley crew of lost, dazed Berliners adrift in space in a shed clasped by a giant hand, staring into the cube of their nuclear propulsion system as though it were "a crackling bonfire" - they can't die, either. As we watch, they phase in and out of a primordial jellified state, a biological reset, a drink from the relativity pool as they hurtle through eons of time and distance. It feels like the sixth issue of Neil Gaiman's The Sandman run, too, "24 Hours" in which dreams are loosed into an all-night diner and after a while the customers start peeling their faces off. I keep searching for emotional analogues to this - to express my excitement at discovering it and my gratitude that there are still new things that make me feel feelings I'd forgotten I had felt. Remember when you watched Alan Parker's *The Wall* the first time? Our Berliners pick up twins James and Jones in deep space, rescued from their flying waterbeds ("They're absolutely the last ones!" they promise each other, and so we assume space is limited on their vehicle) to sit together as a topless Greek choir, these twin redheads who take to counting time in days, then months. I thought of Douglas Adams's assertion that counting at a robot is like chanting "blood" at a person and then wondered what sort of aggression reciting segments of lost time is to sentient beings denied their mortality. Are we made of lost time?

An "attractive young man" comes aboard, a stowaway on a supply rocket, and the captain, shaped as a fertility juju dressed in a pink muumuu, invites the young man, called "Mulligan" to lick her breast with his frog's tongue. She collapses in ecstasy. She melts into "gray old slime." She tells Mulligan this is what happens to them every time they fly close to a black hole. For a moment, she looks like a pile of breasts, a collection of mounds and crevices. When she reconstitutes, she tells him how as a

woman she feels like a newborn afterwards. After what? *The Cathedral of New Emotions* posits the possibility of continual rebirth in the midst of life: rebirth without death, just a reconstitution of the old into the possible new. They've lost someone along the way, Madson is his name but names don't matter very much only the act of naming. They were glad he's gone but now they wonder where he is. I think, more, they wonder if he's been able to die - to escape the cycle they've been trapped in. They think Mulligan might know where Madson has gone and though they speak in terms of planets, it sounds an awful lot like they're talking about an afterlife. The afterlife is Berlin. A place that sells steak and a club called "Piccadilly." They ask Mulligan who won the Vietnam War and if the Americans finally took the nuclear option. Mulligan doesn't remember that. Did I mention the windshield wipers? The space bugs and relics of pop culture that smash against the viewscreen and are swiped off into the void? Maybe these are the segments of lost time of which we are made. T.S. Eliot talks about the shreds of all of western civilization as the fragments we shore against our ruins. *The Cathedral of New Emotions* is less a church than a reliquary filled to the brim with objects that are sacred only to you and me. Proust, there you are, I was wondering where I'd left you.

They trace what they've lost to a remote area of the galaxy, making planetfall in pink, vaginal spacesuits as solid bands of clouds undulate over them. It's a vision of interstellar abstraction as unsettling, as gaudy as anything in René Laloux's *Fantastic Planet* which provides another touchstone to this film's disquieting aura. There, it seems, the "Dawn of Man" sequence from *2001: A Space Odyssey* is re-enacted in part as a burial ritual involving a group of sub/post humans and sentient plants. I should mention how the rotoscoping employed in the animation eventually becomes meta-commentary on how our autonomous behaviors can be boiled down into pathological dyskinesia and how, by extension, our thoughts are generally disorganized responses to stimuli direct or indirect. In a moment of clarity, our Berliners discover that Henry Kissinger has won the Nobel Prize for what he's done in Vietnam and the madness of that for a moment manages to supersede the madness of *The Cathedral of New Emotions*. In its slipperiness with language it reminds me of Godard's *Alphaville*; in its obsessive attention on an insular cult philosophizing itself into the infinitesimal, of Godard's *La Chinoise.* Like Godard's angriest, itchiest work, the film rebukes attempts to understand it. It's like the dictionary left in every drawer in Alphaville like a bible for lost travelers. God is in the definitions and there is no God here.

I love how "Ardistan's" lyrics ask if the listener is a Berliner (in an echo of JFK's long-presumed/since-debunked gaffe in his "Ich bin ein Berliner" speech that accidentally declared himself a kind of jelly doughnut rather than a resident of Berlin); I love how the term "blowjob" is treated literally in one grotesque body horror moment; of how at the end of all the searching our pilgrims find themselves back in an obfuscating Eden filled with intelligent plants that won't stop singing. Our pilfered knowledge "of good and evil" returned in favor of a good toke off a dank spliff shared between different evolutionary stages of a smart monkey who finds at the end of all his travels to be back at the beginning. *The Cathedral of New Emotions* is like Hesse, too, in this way, all of these literary and cinematic signifiers resurrected in rhetorical tributaries in my brain I had long abandoned to dust and history. I thought the long thoughts like the ones this film inspires were well behind me now as the crush of the quotidian requirements of basic survival become the only reason for my day to day existence. I have become the salt-passing robot in *Rick & Morty* whose

sole purpose is passing the salt. I have become Marvin the Paranoid Android who is just smart enough to know that I don't do anything that's important. The warning against eating the fruit of knowledge is actually that the moment we become sentient, we become aware that we will spend our lives doing less than what we are capable of doing: understanding less, achieving less, less. Our minds are forever voyaging, tethered to a garden of meat and viscera that needs constant tending. *The Cathedral of New Emotions* is a reminder of what we're capable of when we tune in, drop out, and abandon all rational thought. It's a lot of things but finally it's only really itself: a masterpiece waiting to be re/discovered.

Walter Chaw is Senior Film Critic for FilmFreakCentral.net. He has bylines in the *NY Times, Washington Post, Criterion, The LA Weekly, NY Post's Decider, NY Magazine's Vulture*, and is an occasional guest on NPR's "Pop Culture Happy Hour." He has written a monograph on *Miracle Mile* and a critical study of the career of Walter Hill called "A WALTER HILL FILM." Russia.

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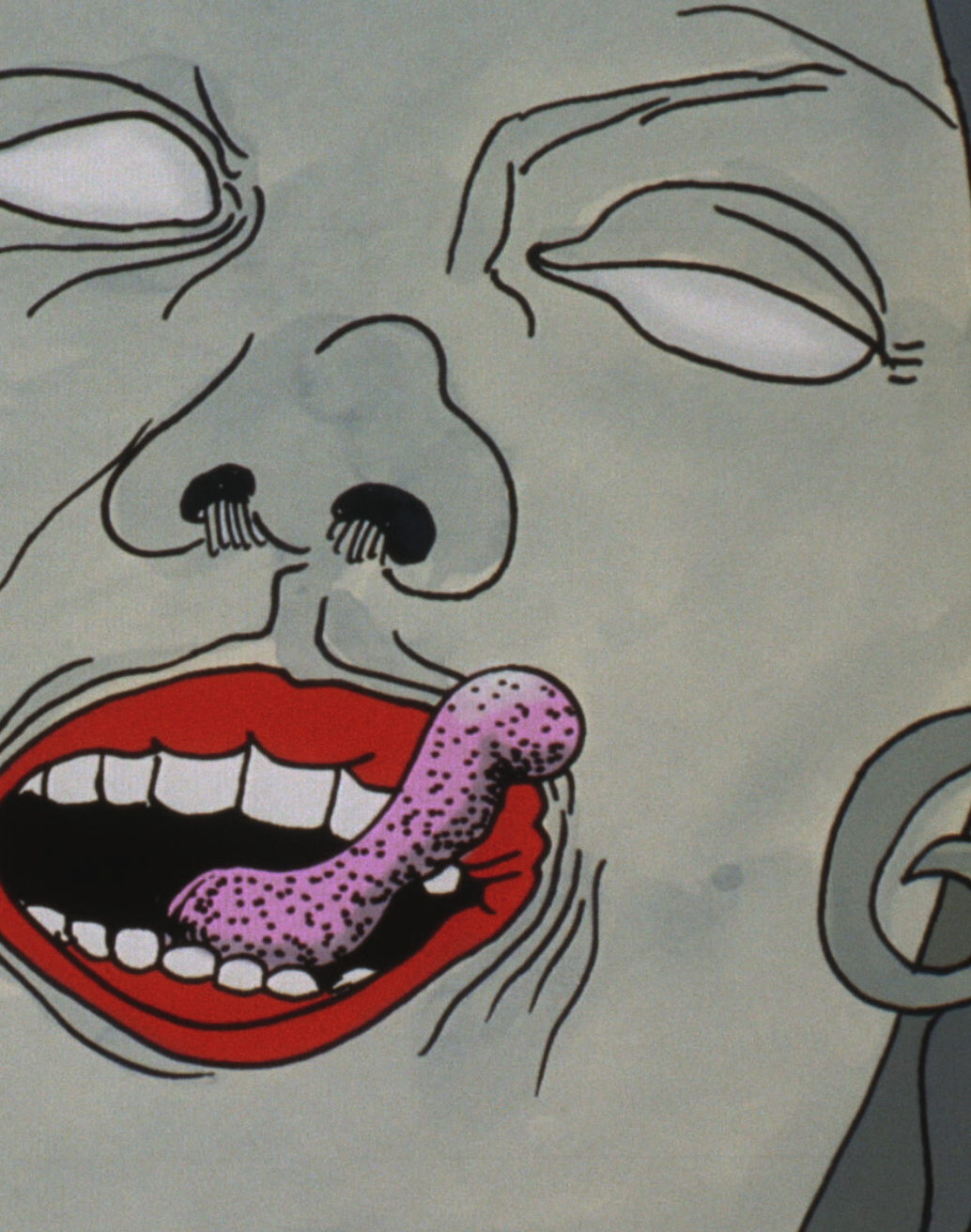


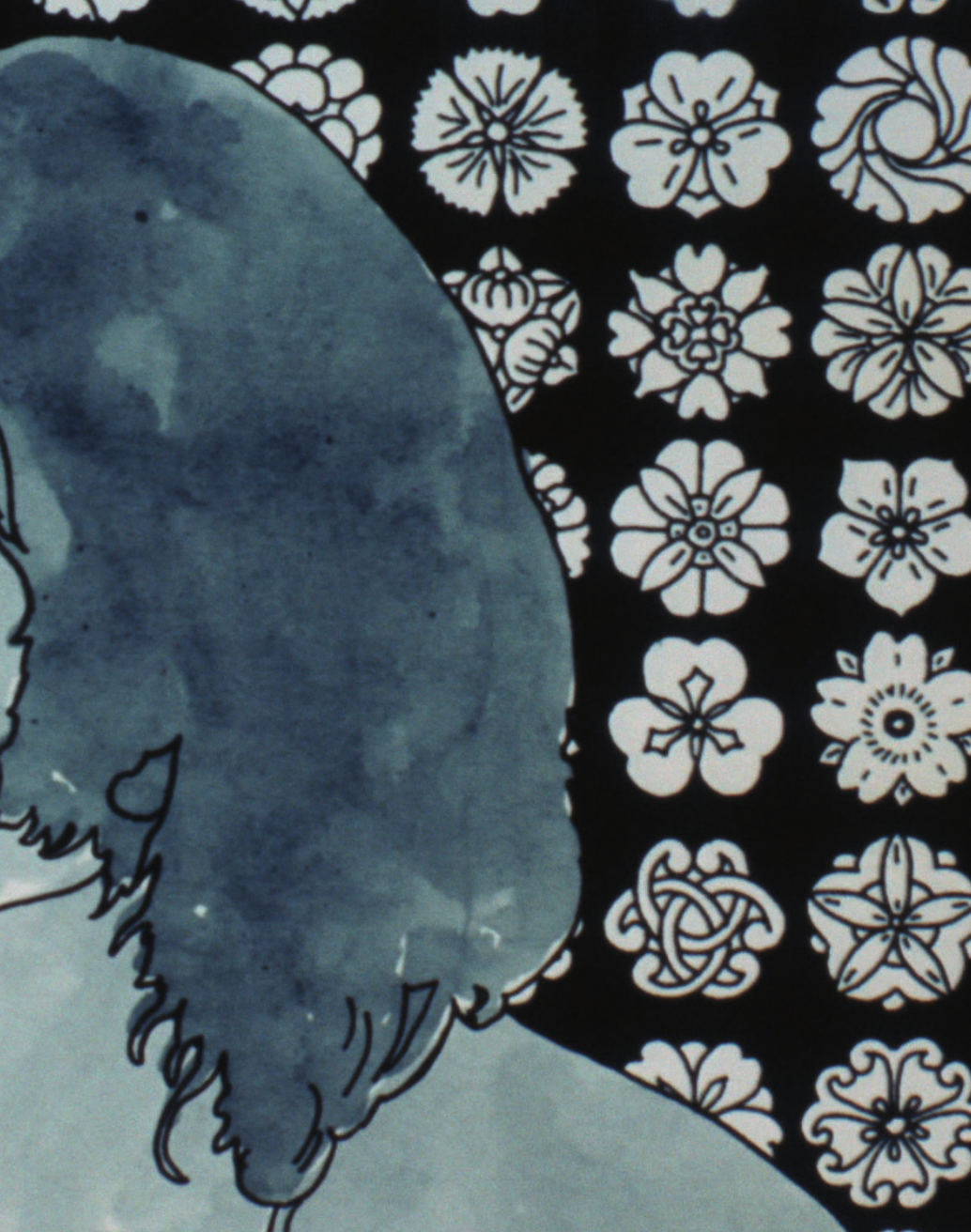
NOTES ON THE RESTORATION

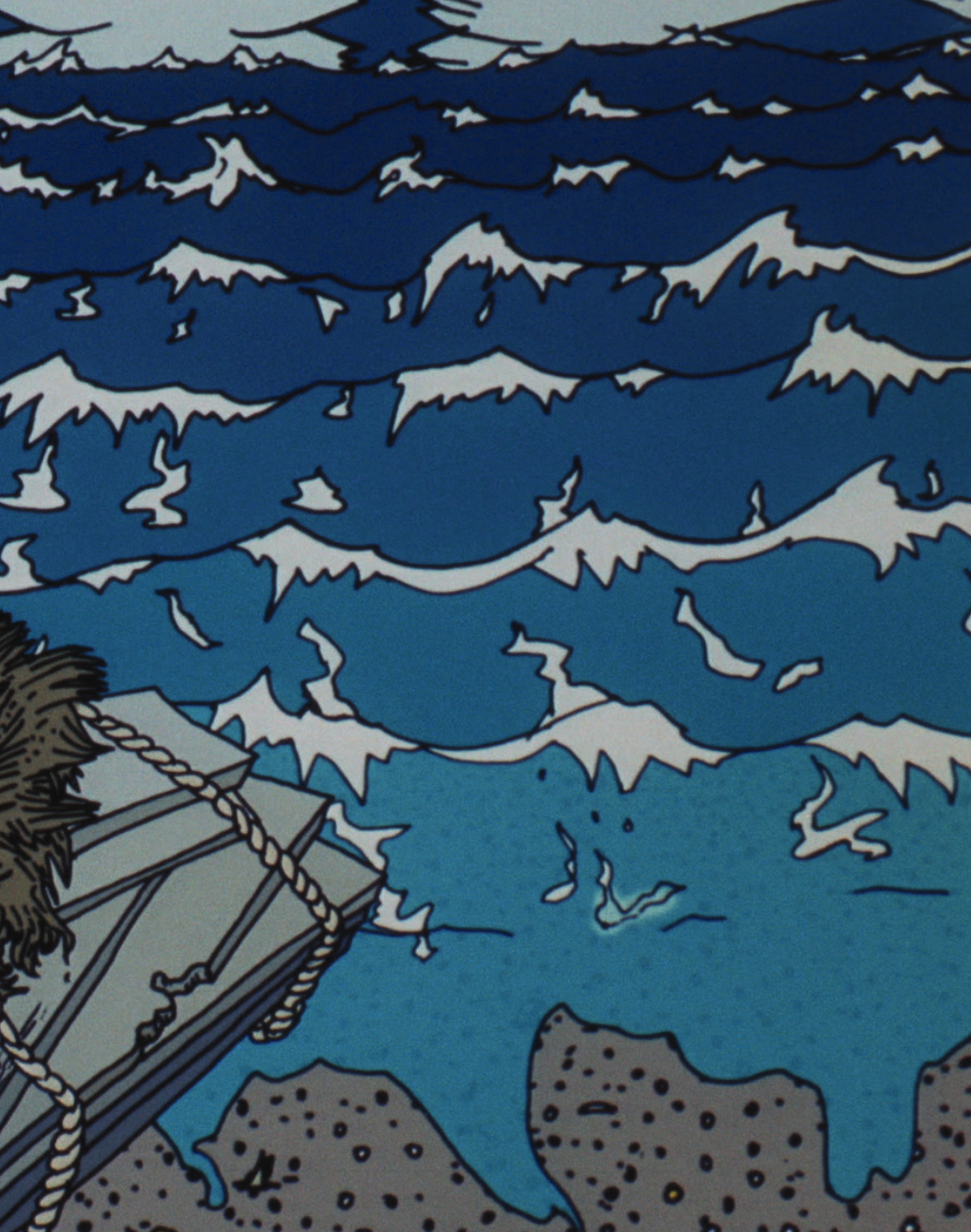
Both THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW EMOTIONS and "Container Interstellar" were sourced from new 2K scans of their original 35mm negatives by Common Film Production GmbH, Germany.

Digital restoration and color grading were handled by Craig Rogers of Deaf Crocodile using DigitalVision's Phoenix software.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW EMOTIONS retains its original 5.1 audio mix. "Container Interstellar" likewise has its original (dual mono) mix.

The final sequence of THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW EMOTIONS contains short excerpts from Herbst's earlier film DIE PHANTASTISCHE WELT DES MATTHEW MADSON (1972), with Herbst himself appearing as the wild man Matthew Madson.





Original German poster art for DIE PHANTASTICHE WELT DES MATTHEW MADSON (1974).

Helmut Herbst's 2018 New Year Card incorporating imagery from MATTHEW MADSON, courtesy of Rolf Giesen.

Rare image from DIE PHANTASTICHE WELT DES MATTHEW MADSON.

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